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MARCH, 1943

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

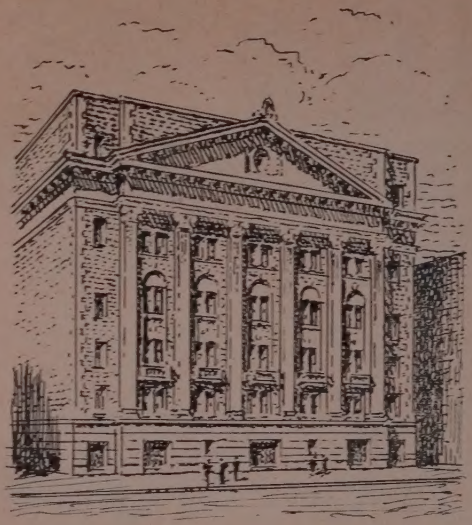
There Be Light"

Prodigal

By MABEL NATALIE ERICKSEN

YOU cannot keep me yours today,
I hear the call of spring;
I must be gone beyond these walls,
With nesting robins wing.
Across new fields, o'er greening
woods,
I'll race the wind and sun;
But I'll return as I have gone,
When summer's fete is done.
Rain-washed and purged of selfish-
ness,
I'll come o'er yonder hill
To seek your hearth and warm
embrace
Against the winter's chill.

—*Musings*



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XIX **MARCH, 1943** *Number 12*

Holy Week in the Peoples Church

PALM SUNDAY, April 18th—

Peoples Church—Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road
11:00 a.m.—"What Palm Sunday Means Today"
7:30 p.m.—"If Jesus Came to Chicago"

LOOP SERVICES—

Every noon 12:10 p.m. to 12:40—Erlanger Theatre
GENERAL THEME: "What Can I Do?"

MONDAY, April 19th....."When Trouble Comes"
TUESDAY, April 20th....."When Hopes Vanish"
WEDNESDAY, April 21st....."When Hearts Break"
THURSDAY, April 22nd....."When Friends Fail"
FRIDAY, April 23rd....."When Jesus Dies"

CHURCH SERVICES—

Peoples Church—Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road
Every night—8:00 p.m.
GENERAL THEME: "Some People Who Knew Jesus"

MONDAY, April 19th....."Peter—The Paradox"
TUESDAY, April 20th....."Pilate—The Coward"
WEDNESDAY, April 21st....."Judas—The Money-Mad"
THURSDAY, April 22nd....."Mary—The Mother"
FRIDAY, April 23rd....."Joseph of Arimathea—The Tragedy"

EASTER SUNDAY — APRIL 25th

FOUR SERVICES

9:30 a.m.—"The Tomb in a Garden"

11:00 a.m.—"Easter and the World's Future"

3:30 p.m.—"Living the Easter Truth" (100 new members to be received and christening service for children)

7:30 p.m.—"Are the Dead Alive?" (Closing Sunday evening service for season)

SUNDAY SERVICES

SUNDAY MORNING—11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING—7:30 o'clock

MARCH BOOK LECTURES

March 3—"Giants Gone" by Ernest Poole.

March 10—"Wisdom of China and India" by Lin Yutang.

March 17—"Look to the Mountain" by L. G. Cannon.

March 24—"Make This the Last War" by Michael Straight.

March 31—"The Valley of Decision" by Marcia Davenport.

RADIO ACTIVITIES

Every evening, Monday through Friday, at 6:00 o'clock, Dr. Bradley is on the air over Station WGN, Chicago.

Every Saturday evening at 9:30 o'clock, he is heard on the "Home Front" program, originating in the studios of WLS, Chicago.

Every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock, WJJD broadcasts the entire service of The Peoples Church.

Every Sunday evening, at 5:30 o'clock, on Station WJJD.

Listen in and send him your comments.

Banners

By Lillian Boyle

ONE pinned her pain upon her face,
and bore it everywhere,
One washed her countenance of
grief, and waved a smile from
there.

"THREE WAYS OF MEETING TROUBLE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago, January 24, 1943

THOSE of you who have been listening to my six o'clock broadcasts, given every evening, Monday through Friday, and those of you who have been reading my weekly Book Review which is published every week in the "Book Week" of the "Chicago Sun" will recall that I have had a great deal to say in the past two or three weeks about one of the most remarkable little books which has come my way.

In that little book there is one day which was written by one of America's most distinguished ministers and teachers, a fearless and adventuresome thinker, Doctor Albert Palmer, President of Chicago Seminary, who had a distinguished pastorate in Honolulu, on a Hawaiian Island, for many years. He wrote a page in the book which attracted my attention, on "Three ways of meeting trouble," and I thought, under the inspiration of the fine analysis which he gave but which was limited to virtually a paragraph, and one paragraph only, that it might be helpful to you if we should talk this morning together about some of the ways in which we can meet trouble.

I assume that if I were to go down to this congregation this morning, no matter who you are, and I assume the same is true of my radio listeners at this moment, and whether you are black or white, or whether you are Roman Catholic or Jewish, I don't care and it does not make any difference whether you are a Republican, a Democrat, a Socialist, or a Communist, whatever and whoever you are, *YOU KNOW WHAT TROUBLE IS.* I don't know anyone in my wide circle of friends and acquaintances, I don't know anyone who has not had trouble. If you are one of those individuals whom the storm missed, don't think that you are fully integrated; don't think that you understand life: you don't. If trouble has never come your way, you are still undeveloped; you have not experienced those deep undercurrents of life which give direction and give value and give understanding. That individual is so rare that I think he would be tremendously uninteresting; I think he would be very shallow. A person who has never known the depths of trouble has lived in the shallow. I think such people would be very uninteresting people; they live in the shallows; but those who have trod the rough, hard, tortuous, agonizing highway of life, those who have known trouble, they are the ones who have been disciplined, they are the ones who, when they develop a technique for facing trouble, always come out of it further advanced in spiritual culture, and unless we learn how to meet trouble and face up to it, and stand up under it, we have missed LIFE; we have not lived.

I think by way of inspiration and help that one of the finest things we can do is to think of a few people, some whose names are world famous and significant, others whom I know, and so do you, whose names are unknown to the world. Quietly and reverently and with dignity they have lived their lives, away from the glare of the blinding light of publicity, and have spent

their lives in the quiet radius of living life effectively and vitally. I know them, and so do you, but the illustrations of the men and women who have achieved the quality of true greatness are so many that one hardly knows where to begin. I mean the names of men and women whom the world accepts in literature, in art, in music, in poetry, in philosophy, in drama—I mean the men and women who have come up out of great tribulation and because they have given us such classic examples they are an inspiration to us all.

Quite logically, and with very little intellectual energy, there are three definite ways of meeting our troubles. We are agreed that we all have them. I have, and I think you have.

The first way is to run away from them. There are people so constituted that their first reaction to trouble is to run away from it, not to face it. They want to escape immediately; they want to do something, go somewhere, see somebody, something that is an immediate escape when the trouble breaks. There is quite a lot of normal human nature about that attitude because, basically, you see, trouble is anti-natural. We were not made for trouble. We were created in the image of God, and all the trouble that any of us ever get into or ever have is because we have broken the image. So it does seem that it is perfectly natural for any of us to want to run away from that which does not belong to us. We were not born to trouble, not in the pattern of God, and so when it comes I have a great feeling of sympathy and a deep understanding of the attitude that a great many people have, and that is to run away from it. That is perfectly natural; but I wish I could impress upon such a character that running away from it never solves it; you cannot run away from trouble and solve your trouble. It is necessary to become a realist, and when it breaks don't become cowardly and run away. People try that with suicide; trying to break their contacts with life, by refusing to assume responsibility in the presence of their trouble, and they think there is an easy way to avoid it, and that is to run away from it. O, my dear people, and my dear friends, that is the wrong way! Don't run away from it!

The second attitude that people have about trouble is to just square off to it, look at it and then make up their minds that they are going to fight it. I have met people so pugnacious in their temperament that it required only a little trouble to get them started; and when big trouble comes the first thing they do is to assume a pugnacious attitude. They get red in the face, they get blustery, and above all they get loud, and they start in to tear up things, and they begin to slam the door of life, and they begin to become active in the presence of the trouble, and they say, "I will fight you!" Well, this way to meet trouble has some virtues, I will admit. It is far better than running away from it, to stand up and face it, but I am not thoroughly satisfied with this technique in the presence of our trouble. It is all right to assume a heroic stance and to throw your shoulders back, and put your chin up, and say, "All right, Mr. Trouble, you and I are going to come to terms now! There is a fight on and I am going to fight you!" There is something to be said for it, with always this reservation: that fighting trouble is never a universal remedy. It may help in some kinds of trouble, it may help, but it is not a complete answer—to fight. I think the world is finding that out, and I think it will find it out increasingly in the next two or three years. It is all right

to fight and to get the military victory of force and power, but the trouble is that there is always an aftermath to every fight—the fight never solves it; you don't get the final answer just by fighting, because the fight is never final; there will be another little trouble in a moment after you have had one good, big row with the one you are in, and when you think that you have solved the problem by a pugnacious attitude toward it and you begin to breathe easier and roll down your sleeves and say, "Well, that's that"; before you get back home there is another. No, just fighting trouble is not the answer. That is why I am increasingly developing into the spiritual and philosophical perception, one which I have toyed with in my mind for many years but it just now seems to be coming into fruition, and that is the superb truth which was given by the Master-Teacher who understood all of the psychology, and all of the problems involved in that question of living, 1900 years before anybody ever heard the word "psychology," "psychosis," or "psychiatry," when He said: *"OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD."* The Master-Teacher never said a word about solving your problems by fighting trouble. Those who have held, and I think I have held along with them at times and in spots, that the way to get rid of evil is to fight evil, make excellent reformers, but I don't think reformation is the answer, I think that the history of this nation in the past 25 years has taught us that you cannot overcome evil merely by fighting evil, either political corruption, the liquor question, or any other form of highly organized legalisms—I don't think anybody in this world was ever made good by law. I don't think the answer is in fighting evil.

There *is* an answer on meeting our troubles, and that answer is to be found in this simple way, and it really is simple like all great and fundamental truths. Have you guessed what I am going to say? You know, when you hear a preacher as long as some of you have heard me, it is a pretty hard challenge to keep ahead of you, for many of you, who have heard me so many, many years, are just about three or four sentences ahead of me all the time. You know just where Doctor Bradley is going. I think that you have anticipated what I am going to say.

Now, about this question of meeting our troubles, how about this way? Let the storm break, let the trouble come! No real character asks to bask in the sunshine all the time. We are not asking to miss trouble; I don't want to miss any, I don't want you to miss any; we are not asking to miss trouble. How about this way? Taking it when it comes and using trouble as a stepping-stone into a higher, more beautiful way of living for ourselves. Have you ever thought about using your trouble instead of running away from it, or even fighting it, using it? Taking it into your soul and because of the remorse which comes when you have been wrong, and the heartaches, and the tears that make hot streaks down your cheeks and leave red places there, weeping over your own failures and your own troubles and your own sorrows, have you ever thought about taking those troubles, putting them to work for you, for in the first and last analysis it is not what trouble does to you at all that matters, and it is not what trouble does to me, it is *WHAT I DO TO TROUBLE,* and it is what *YOU DO TO TROUBLE!*

That is what I think was in the sensitive soul and heart of Robert Louis Stevenson when one day he saw some boys abusing a dog, frightfully, shame-

fully and cruelly, having fun by abusing a dog. Robert Louis Stevenson, hacking his lungs out, his body racked with pain, for he never knew, for years, a moment without pain, walked over to the boys and said: "Boys, you cannot do that, you must not," and one lad looked up at him and said: "That's my dog and I can do what I please with my dog," and the racked and suffering Robert Louis Stevenson turned to that boy and said: "No, my boy, it is not your dog, that dog belongs to God." Why was the sensitive soul of this great poet aware of that truth? Because his own body had been racked with pain, because he had suffered, and he had suffered so deeply that he could not stand to see a dog suffer, and it was his own trouble, his own suffering, that he used as a part of him to save the suffering of a dog.

And what about the greatest episode in many respects of great heroism that exists in literature, the letters that have remained that Captain Robert Scott wrote. Remember Captain Scott, that fine young, intrepid explorer who went to the South Pole and reached it a few months after Amundsen reached there. He wrote twelve letters during those last few days when everything was gone, food, fuel, contact with the world, and he wrote this letter to a friend of his:

"My dear Mrs. Bowers:

"I am afraid this will reach you after one of the heaviest blows of your life. I write when we are very near the end of our journey and I am finishing it in company with two gallant, noble gentlemen. One of these is your son. He had come to be one of my closest and soundest friends and I appreciate his wonderful upright nature, his ability, and energy. As the troubles have thickened, his dauntless spirit ever shone brighter and he has remained cheerful, hopeful and indomitable to the end. My whole heart goes out in pity for you. To the end he talked of you and his sisters. One sees what a happy home he must have had, and perhaps it is well to look back over nothing but happiness. He remained unselfish, self-reliant, and splendidly hopeful to the end, believing in God's mercy to the end.

Robert Scott."

Another letter was written to his friend, Sir James M. Barrie, which reads as follows: (These letters were all found in the snow and ice with their bodies.)

"My dear Barrie:

"We are pegging out in a very comfortless spot. Hoping this letter may be found and sent on to you, I write a word of farewell.

"We are showing that Englishmen still die with a buoyant spirit, fighting it out to the end. It will be known that we have accomplished our object in reaching the pole and that we have done everything possible, even to sacrificing ourselves, in order to save our comrades. Good-bye. I am not at all afraid of the end, but sad to miss many a humble pleasure which I had planned in the future. On long marches, I may not have proven a great explorer, but we did the greatest march ever made and came very near to great success.

"We are very near the end but have not, and will not, lose our good cheer. We have had four days of storm in our tent, and nowhere is food, or fuel. We did intend to finish ourselves when things proved like this, but we have decided to die naturally in the track. Good-bye, my dear friend.

Yours ever,

Robert Scott."

That is the way to meet trouble! That is character!

And here is a letter which I read

with humility because I know you will understand that I am trying to help you. It was written to me and it speaks its own message:

"My dear Preston Bradley:

"I am Elizabeth French Brooks. Just one week ago Saturday, on January 2nd, my husband was killed in a glider crash. I had just joined him in Vinita, Oklahoma, the Monday before, and I was a complete stranger in the town. It was a long 12 hour wait until they located the glider, and even longer before he and a student were brought to the funeral parlor where I was waiting.

"After hours of making the necessary arrangements, I was finally let out at my hotel to spend the night alone. In absolute sheer desperation I turned on the radio to hear an announcer say, 'And now we shall hear from Preston Bradley.' Never, never in all my life, did anyone's voice reach out and enfold me the way yours did that night. You were talking for the 4-H Clubs of America, I believe. I've always admired your stand on the Youth of America, but the two boys who had just been killed were so young. The student was 20, and Steve 27.

"I have been a loyal follower of yours for years now, and Steve and I listened to you every Sunday morning, and Mom and I used to come to your Sunday evening services, and book reviews, regularly.

"Can you *ever know* what a friend in need you were that night?

"Steve was a civilian instructor but the Army Air Force presented an American flag as a gesture of honor for the civilian who so bravely gave his life for his country. They said no man in uniform could have done more.

"I am going to hold this letter until I can obtain a copy of the poem his mother wrote for him. I know you will feel, too, what a perfectly immortal piece of work it is. It was read at the services.

"I hope some day not too far off that I can *talk* to you—I know it would give me courage. My life has just stopped—and I can't get it started again. I loved Steve so dearly that not even death can part us, that has been my perfect consolation. I haven't known a lonely moment—and I'm so thankful for it.

"Writing you has helped, Mr. Bradley, and bless you for your words of comfort on January 2nd.

Very sincerely yours,
Mrs. Steve Brooks."

Here is the poem:

"You wanted wings, my beautiful boy—
My comfort, pride and joy!
Your spirit longed to be high and free—
Earthbound you could never be.
You won your wings, my fine brave son,
And they were dearly won;
With toil, disappointment, sorrow and pain
Over and over again.

"Then you left your wings—for man-made wings
Could not reach the height of your soul.
Now God Himself will guide you on
To your spirit's fairest goal."

Meeting trouble by using it—and every word of this sermon this morning to you has been spoken with a heart full of trouble, for while I speak to you my dear wife is in an oxygen tent in a hospital. I just left there to come to this service, and I shall return immediately after the service is concluded. Heart sad? Yes. Trouble? Yes; but we shall meet it; we shall use it. Underneath are the everlasting arms.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

THERE is a war on and we might just as well settle down and meet every circumstance and every emergency. Undeniably the food situation will grow more and more acute. Nobody in this country will go hungry, but everybody in this country will change their habits of eating and the kind of food which they eat. By March 15th this whole question of taxes will dawn upon millions with its severity and its challenge and unless something is done to remedy the situation the unavailability of workers for many kinds of important jobs will be more and more apparent. It is just a mere matter of logic that our Army and Navy must be fed, and that the lend-lease obligations must be lived up to. They are the law. And that means that the people, you and I, are going to face increasing demands of cooperation in the whole food program.

Surely with the coming of spring, every person who has a square foot of ground of these United States should be thinking about Victory Gardens. Seed, fertilizer, and tools should be acquired now. All the tomatoes that it is possible for anybody to plant or grow anywhere should be planted this year. The vitamin "C" in tomatoes is needed. If anyone has an idea that this war is won or that it is about over and that we can relax on any of these things, we are just fooling ourselves, and you will see that time will bear me out in this statement. When the crisis and the demands come upon us and we know exactly what we have to face, I have every confidence that the American people will respond, almost to a citizen, in a cooperative way. After all, resolving it down to utmost simplicity, what will we have to suffer or endure or to sacrifice or to give up, which compares with the experiences that are coming out of the war-stricken outposts of our nation, in which the military forces of our nation are giving such evidence of courage and loyalty and horror and death? I do not know how it affects you, but it makes me ashamed that I ever grumble about anything, or that I even entertain for a fraction of a moment the attitude of not cooperating and working constructively and creatively until we can get out of and through with this situation. Neither you nor I have made one sacri-

fice of time or money or heartache comparable with one tragic hour which fathers and mothers of this nation suffer when a messenger boy rings the bell and hands them a telegram from the War Department. We might as well make up our minds once and for all that we are going through with this thing and that the end will bring us out all right. If we think we are having a hard time, listen to the story of what is happening in Great Britain—and I have unquestioned authority for the truth of everything I am about to say.

From the outbreak of the war until the beginning of this month, 8,198 trading rules and regulations have been issued for enforcing "austerity"—that word which has become synonymous with wartime living in Britain. Today's British citizen finds every part of his daily routine is affected by those rules and regulations—his food and his clothing, his fuel and his housing, his transportation and his recreation—even his garbage is affected, for inspectors stage surprise raids to see that nothing has been thrown away which possibly could have been salvaged and used again. Some 1,492 of the 8,198 rules applied to food alone. To grocers and cafe owners this has meant a constant effort to keep abreast of and obey government instructions. To civilians it has meant eating more vegetables instead of meat, more potatoes instead of bread. "Potatoe Pete," the Ministry of Food's little cartoon figure, urging everyone to shift to potatoes from bread, has caused a furor in many English homes. Children are flatly refusing to eat bread because they signed a pledge with Pete at his London Christmas Fair. As for regulations on the cutting down of the use of fuel, their effect was well demonstrated recently when a select committee of the House of Commons sat in an unheated room for their deliberations, with their feet and legs wrapped up in rugs.

"Austerity" regulations affect British homes themselves, too, because of a shortage of building materials for civilian purposes. Repairs have been limited to four hundred dollars worth, which isn't much if a bomb has blown off a part of the house. Any sort of repainting job has been rare for some time, but soon it will be drab as well, for the Board of Trade and the Paint Federation are arranging for the manufacture of a general-purpose paint for domestic use in a neutral shade, probably battleship gray. It is meant for preservation—not decoration. "Austerity" has hit theatres and movies hard. Some of the changes are apparent to the audience. Most of them are apparent only to the struggling directors and the script writers, who have an official agreement with property men not to mention unobtainable articles in their scripts. The main change for the audience has been in the time of plays. Because of transportation and blackout problems, people now leave the theatre at an earlier hour than they arrived there in pre-war years, and inside the buildings they have difficulty reading their programs for the lighting is restricted to 1 watt per square foot of floor space. Behind the scenes there is a shortage of rope for moving scenery; and ballet shoes are getting scarce because their soles were stuck with paste made from corn, and the only use of corn today is for food. In the movie industry, besides the manpower shortage, make-up is becoming so scarce that in crowd scenes, only those nearest the camera are made up, while false beards and wigs are rapidly disappearing, because false hair for such purposes was imported from the Balkans.

Today in Britain, people have to be very careful about what they throw

away. No scrap of paper must be discarded until it has been used to the limit. One schoolboy has an envelope which has travelled between him and his father 37 times and is still going strong. And even when this envelope falls apart with old age, it cannot be thrown into the general garbage. It must be set aside, with other old paper, for salvage, to be re-pulped and used again. Salvage increased in the third year of the war about 83% over the first year, and 35% over the second year. We, in America, if we are wise, will recognize that similar conditions, though they may be longer in coming, from every evidence, are certain to finanally come to us. Last year enough metal was salvaged in Britain for five aircraft carriers, five battleships and three cruisers—enough rags for battle dress, overcoats and blankets for a million soldiers, and enough kitchen waste was saved to feed 180,000 pigs from the time of birth until they were ready for bacon and ham.

We will have to get down to business on this whole program ourselves, and mean it. It mustn't be a temporary flare-up with a lot of publicity and interest and then sort of die out. We have got to keep at this persistently, everlastingly, that our men and women in the services of this nation can never justifiably accuse us of laying down on our job at home. The ships, the ammunition, the clothing, the food—oh, you have heard this story again and again—let us all ask ourselves this question: "What have I done this day to help win the war?" P. B.

Little Things

IT seems the natural urge of us all to want to do something big, but it is Little Things that, when added up throughout a life, make that life stand out dominant and significant. . . . No one should despair of not being a useful member of society in this world. There are more Little Things that must be done, and that are absolutely essential, than big things, for the big things result from the Little Things. . . . This is a day of small things—in shops, factories, homes, on farms, in offices—all a vital necessity, contributing to the freeing of a world partly enslaved.

—George Matthew Adams.

BOOK CHATS

In spite of inclement weather, conditions of the streets and rationing, the attendance at the Book Lectures has been most encouraging. This is the tenth year in which we have given a Book Lecture every Wednesday evening from November until Easter in the church auditorium. I plan to make the concluding lecture for this season, which will be on Wednesday evening, April 21st, an anniversary event. This is the Wednesday evening preceding the beginning of Holy Week. We hope to make the concluding evening the banner evening of the winter series.

* * *

The well-known couplet "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'It might have been,' " was never more applicable than it is today. If our foresight was only as good as our hindsight, many tragedies might be avoided. When I look back to the period from 1918 on and realize the authoritative voices which spoke to us then and told us, with great prophetic vision, what would happen to this world, I ardently hope that we will do a better job of listening and heeding the voices of today who are speaking of a post-war world. Do you recall the book "The Great Illusion" by Norman Angell? A book which was translated into eleven languages and has influenced men's thinking for three decades, but apparently has had very little influence upon their actions. On re-reading "The Great Illusion" I have been impressed with how this whole world might have been in a far different condition than it is today had we heeded the words of Norman Angell. In 1933 he won the Nobel prize for the most notable contribution to the problem of peace. He has now given us a sequel to "The Great Illusion" a book which he calls "Let the People Know," and which I used as the basis for my Book Lecture the last Wednesday evening in February. Norman Angell in this book says "The final decisions in politics are made by the average busy citizens, by voters who cannot in the nature of things be specialists or experts in the matters they decide. Those matters just now must include intricate problems of military and naval strategy, economic problems of inflation, taxation, price control, labor rights, and tomorrow they will include the position to be taken by this country in the political, racial and religious conflicts of the whole world. Can the butcher, the baker, the garage mechanic possiby make the right decisions? Norman Angell says "Yes." They do not need expert knowledge. They need nothing more than straight thinking and an understanding of the saving simplicities—the broad principles of human association. He shows that the appalling disasters of the last thirty years could have been avoided, if men had applied to politics the knowledge which nearly everyone already possesses. In this book are the plain answers to the questions that men everywhere, the cynics and the doubters, as well as the confident and enlightened, are asking about the war and the peace. The concluding chapter, which he calls "The Final Quiz," ought to be published as a pamphlet and broadcast to every citizen of this nation. The first question in that chapter is: "This is a war to make the world safe for democracy. So was the last, but it didn't do

it. Why should this one?" This is a question that many, many people are asking in the United States and in "Let the People Know," it is answered. I could go on and quote the rest of the questions; they are all as vital, as important and as universal as this one, but I quote merely to give you an example of how frankly and honestly Norman Angell meets the questions which the people are asking. It clears up many difficult and somewhat complicated problems and should be read by all.

* * *

I want to thank the people who brought more than 1,000 volumes to the Book Lectures for the Victory Book Campaign. Almost without exception the books were the very ones most needed and wanted by the men in our military service. It shows that our Book Lecture audience is a discriminating audience of readers and had a definite idea of the kind of books which the Victory Book Campaign attempted to collect. The books are now on their way to the places designated by the officials who have charge of camp library activities. It was a great record which our audience made and I am very appreciative.

* * *

A new book by Dr. Fosdick is always an event. He has written eighteen books and, without exception, each one is a great book. His last in some respects is the finest and best of all.

We usually think of Dr. Fosdick as the great minister of Riverside Church in New York. We know of his unparalleled career in the pulpit. We are familiar with his great coast-to-coast ministry, available to millions because of his radio opportunity. We know of his annual visit to the great colleges and universities of the nation. We are familiar with his faultless homiletical achievements. We know of his deep understanding of spiritual truths.

What many do not know is that for more than twenty years there has been a side to his activities which in many respects has been greater than all the rest—he is a great pastor, and during these years has been available to hundreds of people as a consultant and adviser on many questions and problems outside the sphere of religion. Besides this personal contact with people, he has received thousands of letters concerning personal problems, from his fifteen years of broadcasting.

This book is the result of these experiences and consultations. Unquestionably it will be the most widely read of all his books which to date have reached the enormous circulation of more than a million copies. Such a book is needed today. The people who need it (and who does not, including this reviewer?) will find it the most constructive, creative and helpful book yet written on the problem of personality. There is none like it. My enthusiasm for it is boundless. Not a line, not a word which is not valuable. No matter what your faith, creed, church or race—here is the book for the troubled soul and mind.

Dr. Fosdick wafts no magic wand. He recites no easy formula. He offers no short-cuts. He knows what he is talking about. Introducing his philosophy by a clear, definite statement of why a person should seek for the reality in being themselves, and closing with his incomparable discussion on "The Principle of Released Power," he portrays for the reader the whole range "On Becoming a Real Person."

Reality always has been a dominant motif in the philosophy of Dr. Fosdick. I know a thousand people to whom this book would be a blessing and an answer.

Dr. Fosdick in writing about his own

book says, "As I look on my manuscript I see that I have gone on trying to be a personal counselor in this book, habitually thinking, as I wrote, of typical individuals who have consulted me."

I would rather have written this book than to have been President of the United States.

* * *

Because of the increasing shortage of paper and of labor conditions, it will be necessary for us to print fewer copies of The Liberalist above our subscription requirements. If you are depending on buying The Liberalist each month, I would suggest that you become an annual subscriber and then you will always be supplied each month in the year. You will be saving 30c and the necessity of coming to the church for a copy. Our magazine is published every month in the year. A subscription assures you of the copies which will be published when the church is closed during the summer months. I hope that every reader will become a subscriber and that none will be disappointed in not being able to get copies. If you will send $1.50 to Mrs. T. A. Harrison, our business manager, at the Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, your name will be placed on the mailing list.

* * *

There is a possibility that I will have a new book available by Easter, if it is possible for the publishers to bring it out. It will be an ideal book for the men and women in our military services, and will be a book of fine inspiration for everyone. It will be pocket size, and will consist of a daily thought and a brief prayer for each day. In the next issue I shall be able to give complete details as to time of publication, etc.

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

THERE is a happy air of expectancy in the "Study" today, for in a few days it is hoped that Mrs. Bradley will be home again. Anyone who has been in the hospital for four long weeks, as has Mrs. Bradley, will know what "home again" means to her. Though she is still very weak, her interest in what is going on at home is quite strong, which is surely a very good sign that things are on the mend.

The following interesting letter is taken from Mrs. Bradley's "Radio Mail-Bag File." The letter comes from Beverly, Massachusetts:—

"My dear Dr. Bradley:

"Recently I heard of a remarkable sermon preached by you just before Thanksgiving, and broadcast over a Chicago radio station. The title of the address was 'YOU,' and I am informed of a poem you delivered in connection with your theme—verses by our American poet, Angela Morgan.

"As I should greatly value an opportunity to read your sermon and Miss

Morgan's poem, will you kindly tell me where I may obtain a copy of the Broadcast? Can you furnish it and if so is it a single sermon or does it come in a collection of other addresses by you? Shall I write to the radio station, to any special person or department? I shall be glad to remit check for whatever amount will cover the costs.

"I am wondering when and on what station we can listen in to your future sermon-broadcasts? Would a Massachusetts station be included in this network? I would like very much to 'tune in' and hear you whenever you are on the air.

"With thanks for your cooperation,
Sincerely yours,
(Miss) Fannie C. Kendall."

* * *

Next we come to a letter from a Captain in the United States Army, writing especially in gratitude for one of Dr. Bradley's books—the first one he wrote. It is a source of encouragement to know that the first book one ever wrote is still a great source of help to his readers. The letter follows:—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"I have listened to your broadcasts a long time and feel that I should drop you a line to let you know there are thousands like myself who appreciate what you are doing for mankind but leave it to the other fellow to lend encouragement to your efforts. Many times I have intended writing you, but being very busy have failed to put my thoughts into reality. Tonight I determined to drop you a line, not because of your broadcasts altogether, which are very fine, but for the fundamental things of life as expressed in your book 'Courage For Today.' It is really worth while. I have read it, reread it and studied it, and it has been a very helpful medium to me for a better life, helping me to carry on regardless of any and all discouragements and the vicissitudes of life.

"In addition, the poems with which you conclude your broadcasts and your thoughts should not be lost, and I feel a publication of them would be of a very material and spiritual benefit to all of us. I for one would like to have them in my home library. Is it possible to get copies of your recent broadcasts over the last several weeks? There is much food for thought in them.

Sincerely,
Captain George H. Leonard."

* * *

Not many letters coming in in response to the Saturday night broadcasts have been published. There was a great response to the recent broadcast of the young minister from Vestaburg, and the letters were sent on to him for his attention, as many asked for suggestions and information concerning like work which the writers were attempting to do in their communities. Here is a brief note referring to that broadcast:—

"Dear Doctor Bradley:

"Enjoyed your Saturday night program of February 6th so much. I couldn't help thinking about that young man and his two churches. It reminded me so much of the story you told about your own life. It must have been a great joy to you, knowing that your inspiration to this lad was so like the inspiration you received when you were finishing school. I am sure if he follows along the same lines you did, the world will hear from him.

Sincerely,
Sybilla Green."

* * *

The next letter is one addressed to Mrs. Bradley, which perhaps she would not have shared with you—at least the first paragraph of it—but in her absence we will include that first paragraph, and a part of the letter, as it is

too long to quote in full. It comes from South Bend, Indiana:—

"Dear Mrs. Bradley:

"Ever since our meeting on Thursday night I have been intending to write to you and tell you how much I enjoyed our visit together. After wondering for twelve years just what you would be like it was a beautiful confirmation to find you just the 'right' person. I hope anyone, like myself, who has longed to meet you will have the privilege as I did, for it was such a delightful experience.

"I mentioned to a patient in a hospital where I work, that he ought to 'tune in' to Dr. Bradley on Sunday morning. Monday morning I came to his room and he informed me that he had listened and was very much interested in the church. By Tuesday I had brought him Dr. Bradley's book, 'Life and You,' the 'Liberalist' which contained the article on 'Prodigious Dr. Bradley,' and the church bulletin. I unearthed sermons I had from 1936, '39, '41 and '42 and today he is reading those with a very definite interest. He is very ill and lost his wife last November. He had heard of Dr. Gunsaulus and had lived in Chicago for a few years quite a long while ago, but had not heard Dr. Bradley. What an effect just a suggestion has sometimes!

"Well, I do hope you both are privileged to live a long, long time, for there are still lots of people who have not had the opportunity of meeting you.

Sincerely,
Mrs. H. V. McBride."

Here is a note from Melvin, Ill.:—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"People have a way of putting off sending words of thanks for things they hear and enjoy. There is no program I enjoy more nor from which I receive so much benefit as I do from yours. I always feel it is too bad when your program is off the air, for I am sure there are many more just like me who listen every night. You are really doing a service to humanity and your country. May you have many years of helpful, inspiring service.

Sincerely,
Mrs. F. W. Tilken."

* * *

And from Chicago, we quote two paragraphs of this one:—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"I have attended the Peoples Church and listened to your broadcasts for the last seven years. No one has ever inspired me as you have done. I have attributed the basis of this inspiration to our mutual love of nature and God's out-of-doors, and the philosophy of life built up around it.

"Two weeks ago I was thrown in contact with a youth fifteen years my junior, who was in the depths of despair because the girl he dearly loved was marrying another man that night. We discussed religion, philosophy, life and what's expected of us, death and life after death. It was a beautiful evening for me and the passing of a milestone for him.

"Last Sunday I was unable to get to church but I listened to your sermon 'God's Quest For Man.' Words are inadequate to express my appreciation to you for that talk. As thousands have done before me, I seemed to find myself. During that half hour I seemed to change completely and see a fuller and richer life ahead of me.

"Best wishes for you and yours in this and coming years.

Beth McCurdy."

* * *

Your letters are so much appreciated. The sun is shining today! And this is the last official month of Winter!

AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

"ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT"

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCAST OF JANUARY 26TH, 1943

I SHALL never forget the first time I met Alexander Woollcott. The great Hudson store in Detroit, Michigan, was holding a Book Fair. The manager of the Book Department had invited me to participate on that occasion. The first book which I had written, "Courage For Today," had been out but a few weeks. On the train from Chicago to Detroit was Marcella Hahner, well known to all publishers and book sellers in the United States, and long identified with the Book Department of one of our Chicago stores. It was from Mrs. Hahner I learned who were to be my fellow participants in the Book Fair in Detroit. The first name she mentioned was that of Alexander Woollcott.

On arrival in Detroit we went immediately to Hudson's, where we were all to meet in the office of the Book Manager. As we entered, Woolcott was seated in a big chair, his heavy hair tousled, his thick glasses almost on the end of his nose, and he was in an unpleasant mood—something had gone wrong. My first impression was most unfavorable, and I remember thinking how sorry I was to have met him, because I had long been his admirer and had read everything he had written. However, the journey had tired him, he was speaking nightly and I soon understood, for indeed I have had similar experiences.

The other authors on the program were Carl Carmer who had just published "Stars over Alabama"; Sterling North and the sister of Commander Peary who had written "Child of the North"; and myself. We arranged the order in which we were to speak, and Mr. Woolcott asked to be first, refusing, I suppose, to risk the possibility of being bored by sitting through three or four speeches before his own. It was arranged that as each finished his address, he was to retire to the Book Department, where a desk had been provided, covered with our respective books, and we were to autograph our books for the people. Woollcott's book, which is one of the most interesting of its kind ever published, was "While Rome Burns." He made a brilliant, scintillating, caustic, humorous address. After we had all finished and on my way to the table provided for me, I walked by the table where Woollcott was autographing, stopped for a moment, and he said to me, "Bradley, you know the rare copy and the valuable copy of 'While Rome Burns,' will be the one that does not have my autograph on it." I think I must have that copy, for I noticed this afternoon that my copy is not autographed. We came back together that night from Detroit to Chicago, and I had an opportunity of getting to know the Alexander Woollcott who presented in many particulars a far different picture than that given in "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

And now he is gone! There are some people about whom it is unusually difficult to associate death. Woollcott was so much alive always and all of life had such an appeal for him, that it is impossible to think of him and his great creative, critical mind ever ceasing to function. This afternoon, in the chapel at Columbia University, a simple service of tribute was held and his ashes now rest in the urn which will be taken to the little island which he loved in a New England Lake.

Alexander Woollcott used the whole canvas of life for his art: actor, soldier, writer, lecturer, dramatist, radio speaker, with one of the largest, if not the largest, week to week audiences which this great opportunity of radio ever brought to a man. If you were to ask him what he was, he would probably not have answered with any of these classifications, but would have said simply: "I am a newspaper man"; for he was a reporter first and last; and those who saw him in the play "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and the millions who, every Sunday evening, heard the jangle of his Town Crier bell, and the quietly modulated and distinctive voice saying, "This is Woollcott speaking," were aware of the versatility and the great creative and critical genius of the man. As a teller of stories he had no equals—he stood alone and above all the rest. The circle of his friends encompassed the great of this earth and many humble people of whom no one had ever heard. Since his first attack some months ago, he lived under the shadow of another, but he did not lose his sense of humor, because he wrote to Walter Lipman after leaving the hospital, "My recent operation has already been voted a spectacular success. It is predicted that by fall at least, I shall be entirely well—a somewhat disconcerting outcome as all my planing had envisaged a different contingency."

The time limits of my broadcast prevent me from saying many things I should like to say, but I must pay tribute to one important achievement of Alexander Woollcott which is not generally known and about which I have seen no reference. One summer day young Theodore Roosevelt and Woollcott were baking in the sun on the end of his pier on his island. Theodore Roosevelt tells us that one or the other said that many people wrote one or more good verses that somehow escaped the accident of fame and were lost in the files of a local newspaper. From this they started talking about whether the American people cared for poetry. Woollcott maintained they did, stating as a proof that among the effects of each soldier killed in the last war was almost invariably found tattered yellowed clippings of verse. Then they discussed anthologies and decided that usually they represented merely the favorite verses of the editor; and finally they debated as to how it would be possible to get people to select their own anthologies. Finally they agreed that Woollcott could prove his thesis, if Theodore Roosevelt's sister and himself would agree to act as editors for an anthology and he would ask his radio audience to send verses that they had cut out and were keeping. This was done, and on February 4, 1937, Woollcott said, on his radio program, "Now there is something else I want out of that desk drawer; that far-flung, multitudinous little desk drawer; and my main object is to try calling it forth, using the good old technique of the rag man, crying his needs under your window: 'Any poems, old poems, any poems?' for what I want is the verse Aunt Matilda once liked so much that she cut it out, tucked it into the corner of her blotter, read it three or four times till she knew it by heart, and then put it away, somewhat tattered and crumpled. It seems to me that if a publisher could get all of the old poems out of all those desks, he might find himself with the raw material for a first-rate book of verse—one that a good many people would like to keep by their bedside and dip into again and again." The result of this was the book "The Desk Drawer Anthology," from which I have chosen

many of the poems I have read to you on this broadcast. Woollcott worked the last month of his life and with the full knowledge of his condition, on an "Anthology of Literature," which will be published next month.

I heard Alexander Woollcott Sunday evening, the last words he ever spoke in public. He worked up to the last hour. His voice is stilled. The story teller in the Elysian Heights is entertaining tonight his old friends, Chaucer, Plato and Erasmus, and, nearby, giving smiling approval, are Mark Twain and Riley. Alexander Woollcott would have it so.

"Duchess," Alexander Woollcott's coal black German shepherd dog, was waiting for him, and on page 166 of The Desk Drawer Anthology, Muriel Whitehead Jarvis tells of his waiting in her "Message From a Little Ghost."

Dr. Bradley's Engagements for the Month

From January 15th to February 15th, 1943

JANUARY

15—Radio conference.
Radio Address. WGN
16—Radio Address. WLS. "Home Front" Program
17—Two Services. Peoples Church
18—Address. Ft. Dearborn Chapter D.A.R. Orrington Hotel, Evanston
Radio Address. WGN
Address. "Men Over Forty" Club. YMCA
19—Radio Address. WGN
Address. 30th Anniversary Dr. J. Morriston Thomas. Ravenswood Congregational Church
20—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
21—Radio Address. WGN
22—Address. Ill. Federation of Women's Clubs
Radio Address. WGN
23—Radio Address. WLS. "Home Front" Program
24—Two Services. Peoples Church
25—Radio Address. WGN
26—Radio Address. WGN
27—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address. North Shore Lodge B'nai B'rith, North Shore Masonic Temple
28—Radio Address. WGN
Commencement Address. Carl Schurz High School
29—Radio Address (by transcription). WGN
Commencement Address. Central and Eastern High Schools, Lansing, Michigan
30—Radio Address. WLS. "Home Front" Program
31—Two Services. Peoples Church

FEBRUARY

1—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Parent Teachers' Association, Dixon School
2—Radio Address. WGN
3—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
4—Address. Chicago Association of Commerce
Radio Address. WGN
5—Guest of Chicago Executives' Club
Radio Conference

Radio transcription
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Chicago Icelandic Association

6—Radio Address. WLS. "Home Front" Program

7—Two Services. Peoples Church

8—Address. Advertising Men's Post. American Legion
Board of Directors' Meeting. Chicago Public Library
Radio Address. WGN
Board Meeting. Peoples Church
Address. Professional and Business Woman's Club. Peoples Church

9—Radio Address. WGN
Chicago Unitarian Council Meeting

10—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

11—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Morton Junior College and High School

12—Radio Address. WGN

13—Two Addresses. Teachers' Institute. Franklin, Indiana.
Radio Address. WLS. "Home Front" Program

14—Two Services. Peoples Church
Address. Text Book Commission. Sherman Hotel

Christening

FEBRUARY

7—Marianne Egler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Egler

Weddings

JANUARY

16—Wm. A. Faust and Mrs. Helen Toepfer

17—Philip Covnot and Mildred Bradford

23—Norma Brinker and Palmira Page

30—Chester H. Moorehead and Ria Reich
Herman J. Pankau and Francelia E. Webb

31—Samuel P. Lawrence and Mrs. Rose L. Herman

FEBRUARY

3—Wm. Regitz and Adele Lincoln

4—Harry Jones and Dena Anderson

6—Lee Hathaway and Helen Campbell
Martin Hoppert and Edyth Stone

11—Bradley Burson and Helen Voltr

12—Frank N. Spohr and Mrs. Thalia Gillman

14—Edward Joseph Wolf and Lois Virginia Stille

Funerals

JANUARY

15—Miss Anne Van Spyker
Mrs. L. Glanville
16—Vivian Winchell
Bessie Lee Clark
Clara L. Neunuebel
18—Thomas Woodburn
20—Douglas Hammon (infant)
George Higley
21—James A. Patterson
27—Alva Carter

FEBRUARY

1—Thomas H. Devereaux
Mrs. Blanche Carlson
4—Raymond Compton
12—Mrs. Lillian Dom

BROADCAST ON BROTHERHOOD

BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY—FEBRUARY 23, 1943

UP and down the length and breadth of this nation, in every city and village and hamlet, we are commemorating the annual observance of National Brotherhood Week. The emphasizing of brotherhood throughout our nation in the organization of this activity nine years ago was occasioned by the frightful and portentous appearance of organizations and movements designed to create racial and religious hatreds. Nine years ago, you will recall, one or two of these movements had assumed national proportions and were putting out such a vicious form of propaganda, of hate and attack, that a great many leaders in a wide variety of fields felt the time had come to offset these efforts by a nationwide movement. The results have been almost miraculous. And now, this week, every man, woman and child in the United States is having brought before them the necessity for promoting brotherhood, understanding, comity and right relations between the people of every creed and every faith and every race. With our nation now at war, a war which may decide the destiny of this world for a thousand years, the significance of brotherhood and its relationship to unity was never more important. In the atmosphere of war, brotherhood seems paradoxical; and yet it is essential that this is the very hour in which the true significance of brotherhood and fraternity be emphasized and projected above everything else.

We are a nation of many nations. We are a country of many peoples. Every creed known to man, every race on this earth, is represented in our citizenry. Our task of unifying a people for a century and a half has been unlike the work which any other nation in the world has had to do. We are separate and distinct among all the nations in this particular, and yet to the most casual observer it must be apparent we are succeeding in our task. The fundamental right of religious freedom is an inherent part of our whole structure as a nation. Our fundamental position has been and is that no person should suffer or be hurt because of his creed, his religion or his race. Last Sunday evening an audience of nearly 2,000 people listened to a service in which the principles and necessity of the ideals of brotherhood were expounded. Never have I known the American public to be more responsive to the

principles of tolerance and understanding than they are today. This is the bright spot in a dark week. We are convincing the world that we, as Americans, can live together and work together for a common purpose and a common destiny. Sometimes I "shy" at the word "tolerance." When you tolerate a person there is often the attitude of merely permitting them their position or point of view because you may be stronger or in the majority. In that sense toleration is abominable. The word "cooperation" is better. Many people have a confused idea of the whole spirit of brotherhood and of tolerance. In this movement Catholics are not attempting to convert Protestants or Protestants attempting to convert Catholics, nor are the Jewish people attempting to convert anyone to Judaism. Each retains his own loyalty, his own creed and the identity of his own group. This is indeed as it ought to be and must be; but all agree to work together and live together with mutual respect for the other's point of view, and with mutual concern for what is going to finally happen to all of us. Whatever does happen to *any* of us is going to happen to *all* of us. There will be no exemptions in this unknown future. We shall either live together or we shall not live at all. There must be room for all or there will be no place for any. The one paramount truth which the democratic nations of the world are now fighting to preserve and maintain is found within the necessity of brotherhood and cooperation. No nationwide effort at respecting another's creed and race is possible in any of the dictator-dominated nations of this world. No one's religion which is contrary to the religion of the tyrant is tolerated. There is no other loyalty except loyalty to the dictator. This is not true with us and it must never become true. It is this for which our brave men are dying, in the air, on the sea and the land at the very moment in which I am now speaking. The test of a person's culture is to be found in his attitude toward the differences which exist between him and another. And in this hour the real traitor is the one who advocates racial hatred and religious bigotry, even though he may wave a flag, vociferously announce his patriotism and shout from the housetops his loyalty to America. There is no higher loyalty to this nation tonight than that which is expressed by our unity—not uniformity, but unity. He who respects the religion and the race of another has for himself the finest religion, for underneath *all* is the common purpose to make our nation and the world a place of beauty, of brotherhood, and of peace. I may not bow at your altar, but I would fight with my life for your right to worship there. I may not be of your race, but I would give my life for the right of your race to live constructively and creatively and nobly. The things which unite us are vastly more than the things which divide us. You remember the true and beautiful episode of the last war, when a Roman Catholic chaplain held in his arms a dying Jewish boy on the battlefield at Chateau Thierry. The soldier, looking into his face said, "But, Padre, I am not of your faith." And the Priest replied, "No, but you belong to my God." The brotherhood of man is only a reality as we recognize the fatherhood of God, and to these ideals of brotherhood America rededicates itself this week, building, hoping, praying that the time may come when these principles will be loved and *practiced around the world* . . . .

THE APPROPRIATE FRIENDLY GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now nearing its Twentieth Anniversary, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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City ..... State .....

At the afternoon service on Easter Sunday, the Honor Roll of The Peoples Church was unveiled. This roll contains the names of those members and workers in The Peoples Church, both men and women, who are "In the Service" of our country. Names will be added from time to time, as it becomes necessary.

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Howard Wentz
Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
**Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg
Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer

Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris

Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Lt. Carroll D. York
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch
Virgil Drew Widener
G. Andrey
William Henderson
William H. Parlette
Andrew Haban
John H. Hagan
Lawrence Johnson
James Kosner
William James Walters

*Killed in action.
**Reported missing at sea.

Church Activities (Changes)

✦ ✦ ✦

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE....Broadcast by WJJD....11:00 o'clock
Weekly Broadcasts by Dr. Bradley:—Nightly, WGN, 6:00 o'clock
Saturday evening, "Home Front" Program—WLS 9:30 o'clock
Sunday evening, WJJD, 5:30 o'clock

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....
Channing Hall, Sunday morning, 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH.....Hall C, Sunday morning—11:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES.....
Every Wednesday evening, 8:00 o'clock sharp, Church Auditorium

CHOIR REHEARSALS....Thursday evenings, 8:00 o'clock Church Auditorium

RED CROSS UNIT....Every Tuesday and Thursday in Channing Hall—9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB....Monday, March 8th, 1:00 p.m.—Art Day and Hobby Show, Mrs. Louise Pellage, Chairman. Speaker: Hazel C. Eppens—"Ancient Musical Instruments." Thursday, March 11th, 5:00—8:00 p.m. —Cafeteria Dinner, Channing Hall. Hazel Wohlfarth, Chairman.

Monday, March 22nd, 1:00 p.m.—Gardens, Mrs. Preston Bradley, Chairman. Conservation—Mrs. Robert Byron. Speaker: Anton J. Tomasek, State Forester, "Forestry in Illinois," with colored slides.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB
Monday, March 8th—Pan-American Program, Miss Ethel E. Smalley, Chairman. "By Air to the Land of the Incas" and "Patagonian Playground," two magnificent color and sound films. Music by Eleanor Wiede, Teacher of the Accordion (Spanish numbers). Peoples Church Auditorium, 8:00 p.m. Public invited. All seats free.

Monday, March 22nd. Regular meeting and social evening.

MEN'S CLUB....Meets every fourth Monday, Channing Hall, 8:00 o'clock

USHERS' CLUB.....Meets every second Thursday.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB.....Meets every first and third Tuesday

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Plays at new location, The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St.. (at Division), opening Friday, March 5th, and every Friday and Saturday through the month, with "Heart of a City." March Thursday attractions: 11th—Dr. Preston Bradley, "The Art of Reading;" 18th—J. Bradley-Griffin, "The Road to Freedom;" 25th—Lola Fletcher, Concert. Tickets 55c. The Uptown Players invite you to their regular Sunday Vesper Services, 5:00 to 6:00. Webster 2123; Whitehall 9486.

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